

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Clambring to hang, an equious fluer broke,
When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Mermaide-like a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature native and indew'd
Vnto that element, but long it could not be,
Till that her garments heavy with their drinke,
Puld the poore wench from her melodious lay,
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then is she drown'd.

Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds;
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
I haue a speecha fire that fainewould blase,
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start againe.
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clowne. Is she to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully
seekes her owne saluation?

Oth. I tell thee she is, therefore make her graue straight, the crow-
ner hath fate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne
defence.

Oth. Why tis found so.

Clow. It must be so offended; it cannot be else, for heere lyes the
poynt, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath
three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; she drown'd her
selfe wittingly.

Oth. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clow. Giue me leaue, here lies the water, good, here stands the
man.

Prince of Denmarke.

man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselfe, it is will
he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, and
drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of
his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry i't, Crowners quest law.

Oth. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewo-
man, she should haue bin buried out a Christian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou sayst, and the more pittie that great folke
should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselues,
more then their euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no aunci-
ent gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Graue-makers, they hold
vp Adams profession.

Oth. Was he a gentleman?

Clow. A was the first that euer bore armes,
He put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the pur-
pose, confesse thy selfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. what is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the
Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

Oth. the gallows-maker, for that out-lives a thousand tennants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallows dooes well,
but how dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, now thou
doo'st ill to say the gallows is built stronger then the Church, argal,
the gallows may doe well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Oth. Who buildes stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a
Carpenter.

Clow. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Oth. Too't.

Clow. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull asse will
not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question
next, say a graue-maker, the houses he makes last tell Doomed day.

Goe get thee in, and fetch me a soope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue,

Song.

Me thought it was very sweet

To contract O the time for a my behoue,

O me thought there a was nothing a meer.

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Enter